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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

ORIGINAL.

LINES,

COMPOSED DURING A MORNING WALK.

'Tis a beautiful morning, how blue is the sky!
How snowy the clouds o'er its surface that fly!
The air and the waters seem fearfully clear,
And the lovely young flowers speak of blessing and cheer.

How calmly our own little pond seems to rest,
With the shadow of trees on its beautiful breast!
Its shores are so green, and its surface so fair,
That it seems a fit place for thanksgiving and prayer.

Long ago,—on a day like this present,—when earth
Appear'd to rejoice in its glorious birth,
To this pond I repair'd by obedience to prove,
My faith in the Saviour, my trust in his love.

I heard our dear Pastor above me repeat
The name of all others, to mortals most sweet:
'Twas the name of the Father, the sacrifice'd Son,
And the glorified spirit united in One.

I look oft on these waters with awe in my heart,
Lest from God and his law I should ever depart:
But now all the glories of nature combine,
To tell me that man has a helper Divine.

The birds to His praise all melodious sing,
As they soar far away on adventurous wing:
'Ye are better than we,' are the words they repeat,
'Your Saviour the wants of the spirit will meet.'

May the beauty and peace of this morning, descend
To the depths of my soul, oh my Father and Friend:
Wilt thou help me to trust in thy promise of love,
And prepare me at last for the glory above.

ORTHONA.

THE DYING BOY.

[A Swiss boy, at the age of twelve, visited America some few years since, but while sojourning here was taken ill and died. The tender care was taken of him, the while, by a young lady; but still he sighed for his home in the bosom of the Alps, and continued to mourn his departure from his native country till the hour of his death.]

"Oh! bear me to my Alpine home,
In valleys far away,
Within the hoary mountain's breast,
Where breezes gladly play;
I would not die in stranger land!
Such ones, to close my eyes,—
To wipe my cold and humid brow
Or, catch my dying sighs."

"Oh! cease to languish thus, sweet boy!
My home is fair as thine;
And mossy walks and verdant bow'ers
Are, gentle mourner, mine!
And I'm thy friend,—I love thee now
I hold thy lifeless hand,—
I whisper gentle tales to thee,
Of that far, spirit-land."

"I know thou lovest me, lady fair!
Thy voice is bland and kind,
And o'er my brow, thy hand has oft
The floral wreath entwined;
But, thou art not the gentle one
Who held me on her knee,
And watched with fond, and beaming eye,
My youth, and infancy."

"Our cot was clad with clust'ring vines,—
The roof o'ergrown with flow'rs;
Where first I spent, in mirthsome glee,
Fair childhood's happy hours;
And where the tall and verdant tree,
Its shady fragrance threw,
I wonder'd at the hour of Morn,
To drink me draught of dew."

"By buoyant, purring rills, that ran
Before our cottage door,
I sat me down, with sister, sweet,
Amid the flow'ry store;
And oft I watch'd my father's skill
At mornings' rosy break,
Glide, with a ripple, faint and low,
Upon the glassy lake."

"Nor were these all, thou lady, kind!
That wrought such untold bliss;
Where parents' and a sister's love
When adequate to this.
My gentle father snail'd on us,—
He took us by his side,
And kindly taught us precepts wise,
Our actions o'er to guide."

"My mother raised her silver tones,
In deep and heart-felt pray'r,
That thro' a dark and erring world,
Our pathway might be fair.
My gentle sister lov'd and play'd
Full many hours with me,
As o'er the green and grassy plat
We bounded, wild and free."

"And now mother'll weep and pray,
To see her boy again;
And father'll watch, with tearful eye,
To meet me on the plain;
My little sister, o'er the glade,
With aching heart, will roam,—
But, oh! ye friends, ye parents, dear!
Your boy will ne'er come home!"

POLITICAL.

Speech of Mr. Bancroft,

Of Massachusetts, at a great Democratic Meeting held in Tammany Hall in the City of New York, on the 16th of September, 1844.

Citizens of the Empire State: The kindness of the reception which you have given me this evening has completely overwhelmed me. My heart bounds to my lips, and I feel constrained to confess my utter inability to express in becoming terms my gratitude. (Cheers.) We meet to-night, fellow citizens, in the bonds of a common union—linked together in one common brotherhood of spirit and effort, all animated by the same feeling—and all I trust desirous to attain one object. (Applause.) We meet to effect the verdict of the election of 1840, to protect against it in the name of our country, of republican institutions, and of humanity. (Cheers, and some confusion, from a desire to adjourn to the Park.) The present contest involves the highest considerations—the purity of the Constitution, civil liberty, free suffrage, justice to adopted citizens, the boundary and extent of our country. It involves in an especial manner, whether American Industry shall be allowed to prosper under the action of general laws, or whether it shall be kept in conflict with those laws and subjected to all the hazards and uncertainties of an artificial system. (Cheers.)

The great restrictive system, which overhung the world for centuries, was shaken by American independence. Yet the world was still so encompassed by the cloud that its evils were slowly discerned and imperfectly measured. The Democratic party have ever contended for the freedom of the seas as the highway of commerce—for the rights of neutral nations—for that extended trade, which should make all intelligence the common property of the world; should compensate the inequalities of climate, soil and mineral wealth, and interchange all products of peculiar skill. But foreign trade without the exaction of duties, has never been asked by a single statesman. The regulations of the tariff has, indeed, been the subject of earnest discussion—but never was there a moment so favorable to its adjustment as the present. The country is tranquil, and refuses to be perpetually excited on this subject. In 1838, when an exorbitant tariff was vainly resisted, an attempt to defeat it by making it intolerably bad, failed entirely. In 1839, apprehension of disunion mingled with the discussion. The country now contemplates the tariff without fear, and discusses it without passion.—It must be settled with regard to the interests of the whole country, and by the equal protection of all classes of industry. The manufacturer himself is in every quarter listened to with respect; and no one harbors a thought of impairing his rightful prosperity. All agree, there must be a tariff; all agree there must be discrimination. The tariff question at the present time is simply what discrimination shall be made?

And if the politicians, who make the tariff a part of the party weapons, are excepted, there is in the public mind much less difference than has been pretended. The interests of revenue require discrimination, in reference to the production of the duty and in reference to the danger of contraband. Reciprocity may sometimes justify discrimination by special agreements, though very sparingly, and again as a measure of coercion in extreme cases, though this is justly open to much doubt and consideration.

Again, the condition of our domestic industry asks discrimination, and by discrimination obtains protection. But the limit to that protection must be a duty for revenue, not a duty for prohibition. Such a duty is always a sufficient protection. In the colonial times, even a small duty and trifling excise were dreaded by England, and forbidden as a dangerous encouragement to American industry. The idea of a discriminating revenue tariff and no more, as sufficient for American labor, comes sanctioned by all the weight of the Fathers of the Revolution—by the fears of England—by the early judgment of America. We may safely adopt the rule that the discriminating duty for protection must never exceed the point of greatest productiveness of revenue; and the end of such protection must be to sustain the manufacturer, so that he may rise above the narrow thought of a monopoly market at home, and seek, by honorable competition, to win the neutral markets of the world; and, finally, there should be discrimination to avoid the unreasonable taxation for labor. The last point, more than any other, is of the deepest interest to the community. One of the Whig banners that waves in your city bears as its motto—"Protection to American Labor—The Nation's Wealth, the Poor Man's Right." We are glad the appeal on this subject is made to the forum of the laborer.

Mr. Bancroft then proceeded to trace the relation of the high tariff policy in the protection of American labor. Our opponents, said he, propose protection to American labor by subjecting American labor to grievous taxation. Their philanthropy has made the astonishing discovery, that labor should sue for the privilege of being grievously taxed. For cotton jacoets for the clothing of his children, the laborer must pay sixty per cent. duty; if his friend dies, he must pay for the casket for the shroud, sixty or eighty per cent. tax; for the mourning craps, or silk, more than sixty-four per cent. And this is protection to secure the opponents propose nothing better to secure the nation's wealth and the poor man's rights, than to tax him heavily from the cradle to the grave. (Great sensation.) The system for the laborer fails utterly of its effect. It does not enhance the wages of labor. The prices of labor in our

manufacturing establishments are about ten per cent. higher than those paid in Lancashire; and that superiority of wages is made up to the manufacturer by a more than proportionate increase of production, through the greater ingenuity and activity of the American laborer.

Further, All taxes enter into the cost of production, and so into the price of the article produced. As taxes increase, prices must increase; and every increase in price narrows to the manufacturer his market. Thus the neutral market is lost, and thus the demand for labor is consequently diminished. Further, the system imposes duties in such a manner as to diminish the powers of labor to employ itself successfully in many branches. Witness the shipping interest. It has been said that the first petition for protection came from shipwrights of Charleston, South Carolina; probably from sojourners there. But if the first petition for special protection did come from shipwrights, dearly do they rue it. A hundred and twenty years ago the ship yards for English merchants were very much in N. York and New England; America built a large part of British shipping, and furnished supplies for shipping successfully to the French and Spanish Islands. Now the duties on cordage, sailcloth, chains, chain cables, copper and iron bolts make ship building dearer than in Europe: our shipwrights are utterly excluded from the supply of foreigners, and our own ships are sent to foreign ports to be refitted, and thus our legislation, far from truly protecting American labor, condemns our riggers, sailmakers and caulkers to no inconsiderable loss of employment.

The old fashioned restrictive system also, of which the remains still linger with us, levied and still levies taxes on consumption, on articles of food—articles necessary to every family. All such taxes operate like poll-taxes, to be levied daily; they are injurious to the manufacturer; and to the laborer they are most unjust, as they virtually lay a burden on persons and not on property. Nor is this all. We have corrected much in the worst features of the restrictive system.—But much remains to be done. The discrimination of duties, as it now exists, favors articles of luxury, is grievously and most unequally severe on the laborer. The coarser carpets for example, pay sixty per cent. duty; the finer but twenty-five per cent. The coarser and heavier and more universally used silks pay nearly 4 times as much as the finer and more delicate. And this holds true of many other articles of very general use. The discrimination now favors the luxurious, and burdens the poor. This should be reversed. Are our opponents sincere? And will they agree to such reversal? (Loud applause.) One word more to our opponents. They profess to join us in regard for labor. But the relief and elevation of the laboring class must be achieved by their own toil, and their own intelligence. (Loud cheers.) They demand the opportunity for instruction and intellectual culture. By means of mental culture the humblest mechanic may stand among the wisest, as well as among the best of mankind. (Cries of "That's the Truth!") His is a large heart, capable of love for child, wife, friends, freedom and country. His is a keen eye, suited to grow familiar with the beauties of that creation which God has made so lovely and so observable. (Loud and long continued cheering.) To vindicate the rights of American laborers is the first duty of America, and for that end to ensure for them the time for improvement.—(Cheers.)

Will our opponents, who are so zealous for the poor man's rights, join the Democracy in paying homage to one of the greatest ideas that sway the age, to one which Van Buren, as President, in the name of the American people, held up to the world as the appropriate system for freemen?—In a word, let our opponents join us in asserting the mighty truth that lies at the foundation of the ten hour rule. (Great sensation, loud and continued cheering, and every possible demonstration of applause.) We return, then, to the principle that, so far as the tariff is to discriminate in regard to the laborer, it should do what has never yet been done, discriminate in favor of the laborer, by levying the heaviest taxes on articles of luxury. (Tremendous cheering and loud cries of "that's the American doctrine.") In like manner, in the arrangement of the tariff, the interests of agriculture must be consulted; and for the manufacturer, we insist, that the great design should not be to give sudden profits, the results of hazards, but to ensure equal and steady protection and thus lead him to compete with the great markets of the world. To this end the manufacturer needs more than a discriminating revenue tariff. He needs as his best allies a sound currency and well regulated exchanges. (Loud applause.) Good exchanges are secured, not by a Bank of the United States, but the regular action of commercial industry. The merchants are the great regulators of exchanges—let them never abdicate their office. (Very enthusiastic cheering.) For the security of the currency, there is no resource but a steady regard to the metallic basis.

A fluctuating currency, as it expands, raises the prices, invites foreigners to excessive competition for our own markets, drives us from neutral and foreign market; and then the vast balance for importations must be paid in money, and the export of the specie takes away the support of the artificial currency which totters and crumbles for the want of a solid foundation. Then follows depression. The paper currency in its excessive contractions and expansions is ruinous to the manufacturer; it is to him like a bad mill stream, swollen by every storm, and summer dried in time of need. (Applause.) A close adherence to the metallic standard can alone secure a steady flow of credit and of money. The measure of value must not merely have an odor of na-

tional; it must bear an impress that shall be its passport through the civilized world. It is in this connection that I pronounce the name of Silas Wright as the benefactor of the manufacturer.

Silas Wright, the statesman and the friend ever to be relied upon—having an unpretending modesty, surpassed only by his merit; never aspiring to high station, and worthy of the highest. (Demonstrations of enthusiasm which altogether baffled description.) It was he, who, in May, 1838, met Henry Clay face to face on the floor of the Senate, and achieved, perhaps, the most signal and momentous victory ever won in that body: (Great cheering.)

The chief provision of Clay's resolution, as he himself expressed it, was, that "the notes of sound and specie-paying banks shall be received and paid out in the receipt and expenditures of the government." In a moment Wright discovered the latent evils couched in the proposition, and recommended its reference to the Committee on Finance. Clay objected but in vain. (Cheers.) Meantime, in the course of the debates that ensued, Clay exclaimed in reply to the Senator from South Carolina, "I am for a bank of the United States, and wish it so pronounced and so understood, that every man, woman, and child should know it." "The capital," he afterwards added, "not to be extravagantly large—about Fifty Millions would answer." On the 16th of May, Silas Wright came forward with his report, calm, well digested and conclusive; having not a waste word, and leaving not a word to be added.—(Cheers.) Such was the irresistible force of his logic, that Clay retired from his own position, and to avoid a worse defeat, on his own motion, the worst part of his resolution was rejected by a vote of forty-four to one. (Great applause.) All that remained that was objectionable was, on motion of Silas Wright, stricken out by a vote of twenty-eight to nineteen. (Terrific cheers.) Such was his great service to the best interests of the country. I commend his report and the accompanying debate to the Democratic press, and to the young Democracy of New York.—(Loud cheering.)

For the vindication of our territory in its full extent, the merchants, and manufacturers, and agriculturalists, are equally interested. The harbors of Oregon are for American ships; its markets for American labor; its soil for the American plough; its wide domain for American institutions and American independence. (Terrific cheering and shouts of "Oregon is ours and must be ours." "Yes, and Texas too," and so on.) Mr. Bancroft proceeded to discuss the re-annexation of Texas; contending that Texas is independent as a consequence of its existence; as having been been but a temporary member of a confederacy, which military despotism has dissolved. He developed concisely the relations on the subject towards England and towards Mexico. He contended that the federative system was destined, like the doctrine of democratic equality, to make the tour of the globe. His remarks on this topic were received with indescribable emotion. Mr. Bancroft appealed to the immense assembly for the election of the democratic candidates. New York, said he, has rarely been found wanting. By the hand of Livingston it asserted the rights of neutral flags, and gave in the adhesion of America to the great principles of modern maritime law. Its vote elected Jefferson. It was through one of its sons that the treaty for annexing Louisiana was negotiated. By the voice of George Clinton it negated the renewal of the charter of the United States Bank. New York set for the States the brilliant example of peacefully transferring the sovereignty from the territory of New York to its men.

By the firmness of Van Buren it enabled the country to weather the storm in the season of the greatest financial difficulty. Young men of the Empire State— you will not be wanting. The kindling enthusiasm in the many thousands around me promises a victory of unexampled splendor. All eyes are upon you. Fill up the measure of the glory of your State by your present action. All eyes are on you. The country watches you. The world observes you. One old man leans with interest towards the east, to hear the swelling tide of determined zeal. His eyes are failing, but he has a light within. The fires of earthly existence are burning very low in his sockets; but in his breast patriotism is a fire unquenchable. Send gladdening messages to the old man of the Hermitage. His fame must not be impaired by the election of men that will abandon and subvert his policy. His country has covered him with its highest honors; the last Congress have effaced the aspersion of the craven Judge of Louisiana. One thing more is wanting. Perfect your triumph in November: it will fill his cup of happiness to the brim. (Tremendous cheering.)

The New York Journal of Commerce says that in twelve States which have voted in 1844, the Democrats have made the enormous gain of NINETY THREE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN, from the vote of 1840. Can the Coons understand that?

C. M. Clay had much to say while here, and the Whigs for him, about his liberating his slaves. Now we have received a communication from one who knows, informing us that he did liberate six slaves, but not until an execution had been issued against him for a debt. Is this philanthropy? [Detroit Free Press.]

MR. CLAY IN TROUBLE IN VERMONT.—Joseph Pettibone, at a gathering recently at Bennington, in that State, concluded his speech by offering to give ten of the best ewes in his flock, if any man would show him a single vote of Mr. Clay for increasing the duties on wool.—American.

H. E. Wilton; J. & E. Deano; Augusta, E. Fuller. — July 16

100